

You can't stop me loving you by tabbycatanimagus

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Summary:

Happiness wasn't at the bottom of the glass, continually drinking the amber liquid in order to heal his pain. He knew that. And he also knew that it was too late and he was foolish to don't take advantage in the opportunities he had, even today or back to high school, and crying over spilled milk would bring no positive consequences or solve his problems. But now? After the spectacle of affection, attunement, and complicity that he unwittingly and inconveniently caught during lunch? There was nothing to be done but the failed attempt to heal his pain.

Or, Jim Hopper sees Joyce and Bob Newby very comfortable with each other during her break to lunch, and he gets jealous.

You can't stop me loving you

Author's Note:

I. I created a jopper playlist with all the songs that I believe they must have heard and enjoyed at some point in their lives (together or not). But all of them, without exception, is related to each other. This fanfic, in specific, is inspired by a song called You Can't Stop Me Loving You, by Tina Turner.

II. The song was released in 1989 and Bob Newby died about four or five years before its release. But, for the purposes of this story, the timeline has been reversed.

III. English is not my first language, so it could have some grammatical errors.

IV. Enjoy it!!

Happiness wasn't at the bottom of the glass, consisting of continually drinking the amber liquid in order to heal the painful pressure on his chest. He knew that. And he also knew a latent headache he would have in the next morning, the awkward awakening in his bed due to the intensity of the sun's rays traversing the bare windows, as he was drunk enough late last night to even bother closing the curtains, possibly he would regret his decision. This decision was nothing more than unjustifiable and totally selfish, and there was another reason for Joyce not to look at him with other eyes and desire him as a partner or something else.

It was too late, and Hopper had been immensely stupid by not enjoy the opportunities he had, even nowadays or back in high school, when they were young, inseparable, really best friends. And, as kids say nowadays, friends with benefits. He wasn't a bastard to take advantage of her weakened emotional state after Will's disappearance last year and the whole drama and adventure storyline that chronicled their lives, that is right. Even though he was a police officer and experienced many events throughout his career, even during the difficult times of the Vietnam War, Hopper couldn't help relieving himself, along with the feeling of uncertainty, fear, and

apprehension after the first three months of recovering the child lost to aliens in a so-called Upside Down. For Joyce, then, the boy's mother, the intensity of the feelings could be up to three times greater.

Although there had been no physical death of a loved one, there was the symbolic death of all the childish innocence that lived in Will, his friends and even between the group's teenagers - Jonathan, Nancy, and Steven - causing a situation they weren't supposed to experience even in their adult lives. They were too young to know the bitter taste of trauma and have to mature before reaching the appropriate age. And, because of this heavy emotional load and the need for dexterity to get around this whole situation in the best possible way, without succumbing to the many self-sabotages present in these contexts, Hopper chose to give Joyce time and let her to find out for herself the best a way of establishing, interfering only in matters concerning the safety of the Byers, aid in the reconstruction of the house and accompaniment of the boy to the doctor. He had therefore left out any selfish initiative of romantic approach and redirected to the woman, giving her the autonomy and openness to seek it out of desire or need, regardless of time or place. But, apparently, he wasn't enough to give her the comfort she needed.

During his lunch break, opting for a real meal with potatoes, meat, and eggs instead of the fatty snacks and bagels he often bought in a market near the police station, Hopper drove downtown to a restaurant near the shop by Joyce. He had been talking to Dr. Owens, nurses, and his well-known veterans over the course of the week, and in view of Will's worrisome lack of progress after eight months of all events, he was determined to invite her to a lunch and state his opinion on the subject. He would clarify to her the whole situation her boy was in, tell his own theories, whether the trip to Chicago for treatment with a more reliable physician would be rewarding, and then they would discuss together how to proceed and what would be the best measure to take.

However, all his plans were gone and the chief was surprised to see her sitting on a bench in front of her work already accompanied by a man, both sharing a small bottle of soda and snacking sandwiches. Sitting inside the car, having just unfastened his seatbelt, he

recognized it.

The man was Bob Newby - or Bob, the Brain, as he used to call him when they studied together in High School. They talked, occasionally touching themselves in the arms and lingering longer than Hopper would like to admit. At some point, unable to hear the comment because of the distance his car had parked, Bob made her laugh. And because of the propitious direction he was in, the only thing he could see clearly - beyond the back of the small man's head - was the smile Joyce gave him in response, which was one of the most beautiful, real and captivating that he had seen since last year.

It was his favorite kind of smile, he realized in a bittersweet way, seeing her eyes almost closing, her wrinkled nose and a faint coloration appearing on her cheeks. She was beautiful, the most beautiful woman he ever saw in his entire life, and there's nothing or anyone to tell him otherwise.

At the same time that he felt happy for her for finding a moment of relief and peace, when she could forget about every bad thing that happens to them, the recognition that it was neither directed nor caused by him powerfully made him ache. The suggestion of a smile on his own lips slowly became something near a hurt face, and he couldn't avoid the feeling of insufficiency and have been made foolish, ignored.

Bob stroked her arm, then wiped a small splash of sauce on her cheek and wiped his finger on an already-used napkin. She smiled shyly in thanks, biting her lower lip and looking down at the bench, and the man surprised her by holding her chin gently in his hands, drawing her gaze to him again and kissing her softly on the lips.

The kiss started gently, being quite innocent. But as they both appreciated the gesture, it quickly developed and Joyce soon had a hand on his cheek, holding it in place. Still, this wasn't a hot kiss, exposing her privacy and made available to the other gossipers of the city any possibility of spreading evil rumors around. No. It was only more meaningful and engaging than when it had started. But, to Hopper, this had no relevance. The demonstration of affection and a growing sense of complicity in the couple immediately ahead of him was palpable, and there was nothing he could argue about it, no

matter how painful it was.

It was with this scene looping in his mind that he asked for another shot of whiskey in an isolated bar of the city, late at night, wishing for nothing but his own scum in the face of his present situation. He was already drunk, having drunk enough to hear the music playing in the jukebox twice as loud as its actual volume. His tongue felt large in his mouth, thick, rough, and his head was beginning to feel pressed on both sides.

As if his own paranoia and torturous memories weren't enough, another drinker decided to play the worst DJ and excitedly switched the music by tapping the machine for Tina Turner's engaging beats on "You Can't Stop Me Loving You." It was a good song, it really was. But at this point, it couldn't have been the most stupid and inconvenient decision anyone could have taken. The lyrics spoke precisely about his companion of amorous disillusionment, who claimed to have his feelings devalued by the beloved, while, like him, stubbornly persisted in this novel, refusing to stop loving her despite having the knowledge implied that it wouldn't happen so soon - if it ever would.

Of course, music couldn't stop tormenting him even more, identifying himself in a bittersweet manner and provoking the green devil of jealousy he hadn't felt in a long time. But now, what could he do? The only thing he could lose, he suddenly realized he had never possessed. The happiness he had longed to bring to the woman he had loved for so long in adolescence and now in adulthood, not realizing her feelings asleep until then, would no longer be possible. Another had claimed his place, an extremely lucky and enviable individual, who certainly recognized how well Joyce should be treated. There was nothing to be done, therefore, besides the failed and selfish attempt to heal his pain by searching the bottom of the glass, intoxicating himself with a Camel pack and torturing himself with such an unfortunate but compatible choice of music.